

SEP 13 1921

©CIL 16959 ✓ THE THREE MUSKETEERS ✓

Photoplay in Twelve Reels

✓ Adapted by Edward Knoblock from the
novel by Alexander Dumas

Directed by Fred Nible ✓

✓ Author Douglas Fairbanks Pictures
Corporation of the U. S. as employer for hire ✓

EXTRA
 NEWSPAPER
 SEPTEMBER 13, 1921
 THE NEW YORK TIMES

SEP 13 1921

Cast for
 "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Louis XIII	ADOLPHE MENJOU
Anne of Austria	MARY MACLAREN
Cardinal Richelieu	NIGEL DE BRULIER
Duke of Buckingham	THOMAS HOLDING
Constance	MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE
De Treville	WILLIS ROBARDS
Rochefort	BOYD IRWIN
Milady	BARBARA LA MARR
Father Joseph	LON POFF
D'Artagnan's Father	WALT WHITMAN
Bonsieur	SYDNEY FRANKLIN
Barnajoux	CHARLES BELCHER
Planchet	CHARLES STEVENS
Athos	LEON BART
Porthos	GEORGE SIEGMANN
Aramis	EUGENE PALLETTE
D'Artagnan	DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The Synopsis of
 "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Youth in the olden days was much the same as now. Just as the upstate country boy, armed with his father's advice and letters of introduction to prominent Wall St. brokers, went out nowadays to conquer New York, so did D'Artagnan, the hero of Dumas' immortal tale, "The Three Musketeers," fare forth in the year 1625 to make his way to Paris. The advice of the elder D'Artagnan was simple. His son was to bear in mind "loyalty to the King, reverence for the Cardinal and devotion to the Queen." To this was added a corollary which reflected the spirit of the times. "Fight," the old Frenchman had said, "fight the more; that duelling is forbidden, for by so doing you doubly prove your courage." And having placed in his son's hands a letter to M. De Treville, Captain of the King's Musketeers, he gave him a sword and a venerable horse—much as the modern father bestows a safety razor and a Ford—and sent his boy forth into the world.

As a matter of fact, the young D'Artagnan had little need of encouragement to fight. Your true Gascon is ever ready with his blade and our hero was a Gascon plus. He not only fought but to such good purpose that within a week he had become the talk of Paris and in a month the talk of France.

At this time Cardinal Richelieu, the powerful minister of France, was seeking to widen the breach already existing between the King, Louis XIII, and his wife, the lovely Anne of Austria. The Cardinal held absolute sway over the mind of his royal master and the only influence which threatened his supremacy was that of the Queen. Could he but permanently estrange the royal pair his power would be undisputed. Anne had an admirer in the person of the English Duke of Buckingham and while she had steadfastly rejected his advances Richelieu sought to make her appear guilty in the eyes of the King.

The King had given Anne a diamond buckle upon her birthday and this she had given to Buckingham at a time when the latter, forcing himself into her presence, had demanded that she at least give him a token of remembrance since she would not permit him to see her. Richelieu through his spies learned of this gift and prompted the King to command Anne to appear at a state ball wearing the diamond buckle, knowing full well that Buckingham had returned to England and that Anne would not be able to obtain the return of the jewel in time to prevent her disgrace.

How D'Artagnan, brought to the Queen's notice by Constance, the little seamstress with whom he was in love, was able to accomplish the apparently impossible; how he rode through a way beset by spies and guards of the Cardinal, how he crossed the Channel, communicated with Buckingham, wrested the diamonds from Milady de Winter, the Cardinal's spy, who had stolen them—and finally placed them in the hand of his grateful queen, at the very moment when ruin confronted her—all this forms a thrilling tale as told in the memoirs of D'Artagnan, himself.

Not only did he gain the gratitude of the Queen and of his sweetheart, Constance, but the grudging admiration of the Cardinal as well, together with a membership in the King's Musketeers bringing with it further association with his beloved friends, Athos, Porthos and Aramis—the three Musketeers.

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TELEPHONES MAIN 625-626

SEP 13 1921

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Washington, D. C.

I herewith respectfully request the return of the following named motion picture films deposited by me for registration of copyright in the name of
Douglas Fairbanks Pictures Corporation

THE THREE MUSKETEERS (12 reels)

Respectfully,

Fulton Brylawski

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THE THREE MUSKETEERS	9/13/21	L:©CL 16959

The return of the above copies was requested by the said company, by its agent and attorney, on the 13th day of September, 1921, and the said Fulton Brylawski for himself and as the duly authorized agent and attorney of the said company, hereby acknowledges the delivery to him of said copies and the receipt thereof.

Copies Returned

24 SEP 24 1921

Ex. D. *[Signature]*

☆ O. K. - F. G. P.
SEP 15 1921

[Signature: Fulton Brylawski]

*"The THREE
MUSKETEERS"*



As interpreted for the Screen by
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS
and
EDWARD KNOBLOCK

6-13-15

*"All for one,
One for all!"*



Douglas Fairbanks as D'Artagnan.

The Three Musketeers

As interpreted for the screen from
ALEXANDER DUMAS'
Immortal Novel by

Douglas Fairbanks
and
Edward Knoblock

Douglas Fairbanks

presents

"The Three Musketeers"

Based on ALEXANDER DUMAS' Immortal Novel

Adaption, Costuming and Research under EDWARD KNOBLOCK

Direction under FRED NIBLO

Photography under ARTHUR EDESON

The Cast

D'Artagnan.....	Douglas Fairbanks
Athos.....	Leon Barry
Porthos.....	George Seigmann
Aramis.....	Eugene Pallette
De Rochefort, the Cardinal's henchman.....	Boyd Irwin
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.....	Thomas Holding
Bonacieux.....	Sidney Franklin
Bernajoux.....	Charles Belcher
Planchet, D'Artagnan's lackey.....	Charles Stevens
The Cardinal Richelieu.....	Nigel de Brulier
Captain de Treville, of the Royal Musketeers.....	Willis Robards
Father Joseph.....	Lon Poff
The Queen (Anne of Austria).....	Mary MacLaren
Constance Bonacieux.....	Marguerite De La Motte
Milady de Winter.....	Barbara La Marr
D'Artagnan's Father.....	Walt Whitman
Louis XIII, King of France.....	Adolphe Menjou

Scenario Editor.....	Lotta Woods
Assistant Director.....	Doran Cox
Art Director.....	Edw. M. Langley
Technical Director.....	Frank England
Master of Costumes.....	Paul Burns
Master of Properties.....	Harry Edwards
Electrician.....	Bert Wayne
Film Editor.....	Nellie Mason

Musical score by Louis F. Gottschalk

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SEP 30 1921 ✓

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The King
orders the
Queen to
surrender all
her private
correspond-
ence.

THE THREE MUSKETEERS

In 1626 Louis XIII reigned over the fair land of France. Never had the French Court appeared so brilliant; fetes, masks, hunting parties, state dinners, court balls followed one another in uninterrupted sparkle. The King was young and distinguished; the Queen—Anne of Austria—beautiful, gentle and in the fullness of her youth. To the outside world the royal palace and its flower-bright gardens seemed an enchanted spot of laughter and revelry. But to the initiated few, to those favored with the pass-word leading beyond the precincts of the Louvre, the glittering walls told a very different tale.

Shadowed corners appeared to harbor whispering couples; lifted tapestries revealed secret doors; ciphered letters slipped quickly from hand to hand; handkerchiefs conveyed signals and sent riders galloping on breathless messages to the four corners of the kingdom. In a word, Intrigue, like a stealthy cat, crept through the vaulted halls of splendor, sneaking up the broad stairs, edging along the gilded panels of the corridor and winding its way into the very sanctity of the Queen's apartments.

And what was the cause of all this plotting and counter-plotting? Who was the instigator of this mysterious intriguing, which slowly but surely began to poison the King's mind against the Queen and well-nigh wrecked their marital happiness once and for all? Who but one man, a schemer of consummate skill, of boundless ambition, of profound intellect and relentless decision—the Minister of France, Cardinal Richelieu.

Armand Jean du Plessis, Duc de Richelieu, was at this time at the height of his power. He held the destiny of France in his hand, much as a potter does a piece of clay, molding and bending it according to his whim and purpose. And even as Richelieu molded the kingdom, so did he mold the King. For Louis was vain, weak, jealous, easily aroused, little given to reflecting on the consequences of his impulses. Nor was there any one to restrain him or reveal to him the Cardinal's ultimate aims, save one person alone—the Queen. Her clear, shrewd instinct of woman could not be deceived by Richelieu's suave diplomacy. She saw through his tricks again and again, fully realizing that his pandering to the King's weaknesses was merely a means to establish himself all the firmer

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as the supreme, undisputed master of France. Richelieu quickly grasped the fact that he could not hoodwink the Queen; that her wit was proving the sole stumbling block to his ambitions; that in her he had found an opponent who would have to be vanquished if he wished to retain his position as the sole power behind the throne. Hence his enmity to the Queen; his pursuit of her; his determination to undermine her influence over the King, and, if need be, to ruin her reputation in order to achieve his ends.

By subtle insinuations he had already begun to effect an estrangement between the King and his unfortunate consort. Hints dropped now and again by the Cardinal caused Louis to regard his wife with suspicion; the habit of corresponding with her brother, the King of Spain, was seized upon by Richelieu as a pretext to rouse doubts as to her loyalty to France; her pride and self-control were misinterpreted to the King as indifference to his affection. It wanted but something concrete, some fact which the Cardinal could turn into a definite accusation to cause a permanent breach between Louis and Anne. It was this fact that Richelieu was waiting to find; carefully he bided his time until the occasion should present itself. Sooner or later he counted on entrapping the unsuspecting Queen.

And this occasion did present itself. For Anne, neglected as she now was by her husband, passed most of her days in the seclusion of her apartments, surrounded only by the most intimate of her ladies-in-waiting. True, she appeared at court functions whenever the King commanded. To the world she seemed to smile her gracious, royal smile by the side of her delighted husband. But in spite of this public attempt at masking her feelings, there was an emptiness in her regard, an unsatisfied searching for an indefinable something, which could not escape the eye of the sympathetic observer. And such an observer did at last come upon the scene, greatly to the Cardinal's satisfaction, for in him he saw the instrument which was to serve the Queen's undoing.

It was at one of the receptions of the Foreign Powers that the Duke of Buckingham, envoy of Charles First of England, first was presented to the Queen. He was known far and wide as the handsomest man of his time; the most accomplished of courtiers, of unbounded wealth and of noble tradition. One glance at the Queen revealed to him his destiny. He read the secret sorrow hidden in her bosom; in a moment his impulsive nature flamed into a romantic passion. Henceforth his duty, as he deemed it, stood out in shining letters. Somehow, somewhere, he was determined to tell her of his devotion and try to bring a little happiness into that sad existence of hers. As yet his plans were confused. All he knew

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was that his whole being trembled at the thought of her; that he was ready, if need be, to lay down his life for his divinity, if by such a sacrifice he might bring back peace and contentment to her empty heart.

During his brief sojourn in Paris he sought by every means to convey his sentiments to her. The guards of the palace were bribed; the tradesmen, who submitted various goods and trinkets to tempt royal taste, were approached in order to convey letters and flowers to the Queen. And chance favored him; for he soon learnt of a certain Constance Bonacieux, a charming young girl of impressionable, romantic nature who happened at that time to be Anne's favorite seamstress. Constance was living with her uncle, a mean, miserly creature. Nothing was easier than to grease the fellow's palm and thus to come in touch with the niece. Did she not know full well how unhappy her royal mistress was? Had she not often seen her wipe away a secret tear? Buckingham's ardent compassion for the poor Queen's lot could but appeal to a girl of Constance's temperament. Before long she had become Love's messenger, carrying Buckingham's perfumed notes to Anne whenever a fresh command of frills and furbelows took her to the palace.

The Queen, although surprised and shocked at the boldness of Buckingham's declarations, could not help being touched by the sincerity of his devotion. After all it would have been more than human, had his words not aroused some sort of response in her neglected heart. Yet she realized, at once, the utter hopelessness of his passion; that it would lead to nothing but unhappiness and peril. She never answered him, neither by written word nor by spoken message. But still she could not resist receiving his letters. It was so sweet to know that there was someone who cared for her in this empty world of formality and pomp. Besides, what could a few such letters matter? Buckingham would be returning to England in another week and the whole episode would relapse into a charming memory—like the sudden meeting of two pairs of eyes from coaches that pass on the high road.

Buckingham left and the weeks passed, but still from England came those ardent notes with a persistence that began to disturb and distress the Queen. The thing must end. She wished it had never begun; it was wrong, absurd, impossible. What would be her position if the King found out? Thank Heaven he had not. And yet, had he? For an event had taken place which filled Anne full of dread. Buckingham had been proposed by England as Ambassador to France, and for some reason or other King Louis had refused to approve of his nomination. Nay more: he had threat-



*The Cardinal
plotting the
downfall of
the Queen
with his
accomplices.*

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ened Buckingham's arrest should he set foot in France. What was the reason for this? Surely some political one, unknown to the Queen. For not a soul had learnt of Buckingham's letters; nobody knew of them save Constance. Even the ladies-in-waiting, surrounding the Queen ignored the arrival of these secret missives. Besides, if they had known, they could be trusted—one and all.

But it was here that Anne happened to be mistaken. For amongst her most intimate associates was one, Milady de Winter, a beautiful English woman who smiled and curtsied and existed apparently only to do the Queen's bidding. But beneath all this devotion there burned a very different purpose. This grace, this readiness was nothing but a means to an end. Milady de Winter was the paid spy of the Cardinal. Not a word, not a move, not a look of Anne's but was reported to him faithfully within the hour. The Queen was sold to him, body and soul; long ago she had become his unconscious prisoner and Milady her jailer.

And that is why this glittering court of France, which so dazzled the world, was in reality a dungeon; that is why its laughter and music rang hollow, and why the fuse laid by intrigue was ready at any moment to be lit by the Cardinal. Any hour, any instant, the explosion might take place, leaving behind it nothing but a mass of wreckage upon which Richelieu counted to climb still higher and higher.

On a certain sunny afternoon King Louis had laid aside affairs of state and invited the Cardinal to a game of chess. The King prided himself on his play; he generally won. This was not so much due to the excellence of his game, as to the fact that his courtiers considered it good manners to lose to their sovereign. Richelieu, however, had no such scruples of politeness. As his moves began to corner the King, it flashed across his mind that he might use the game in order to bring home the purpose on which he was ever intent; namely, the widening of the breach between the King and Queen. Had not that morning Louis received a request from England suggesting the withdrawal of his opposition to Buckingham as Ambassador to France? And had not Richelieu already sown fresh seeds of doubt in the King's mind with regard to Buckingham's persistence in wishing to come to Paris?

In the Queen's chamber, at the other end of the corridor, sat Anne, surrounded by her favorite ladies-in-waiting, listening to the plaintive tones of a lute. And now the music had ceased, and Milady was expatiating on the beauties of English melodies and the charm of English life in general, not so much because she really felt what she said, but in order to watch the Queen's emotion at

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the mention of Buckingham, whose name she skillfully interwove in her recital. But the Queen, save that her sad look might have grown a trifle sadder, did not betray herself by word or gesture. She listened with a faint smile on her lips, her thoughts far away.

Were they wandering over there to England, to that ardent lover who was waiting in vain for a sign from her? Or were they in Spain, the country of her birth and childhood, at her brother's court, her sole refuge for sympathy and consolation? Who knows?

At that very moment Constance, the little seamstress, entered the Queen's apartment, a bandbox upon her arm. One glance of the eye showed Anne that the young girl was bringing her some important message. So, as soon as Constance had artfully spread her laces and frills to attract the attention of the ladies-in-waiting, the Queen readily consented to their examining the filmy wares. In the meantime Constance hurried to the side of her mistress and placed a note in her hand, unobserved by all save the ever-watchful eyes of Milady. Again a letter from Buckingham! With difficulty the Queen restrained her emotion as she recognized his crest on the handkerchief enveloping it. Secreting the missive in the folds of her gown, and dismissing her ladies, save Constance alone, she broke the seal and read:

Madame, my Queen:

I beseech you bid me hasten to France, that I may shield you from the Cardinal's persecutions with all the strength of an ardent devotion, which you, alas, have ever scorned.

Your Majesty's most humble slave,

Buckingham.

For a second Anne hesitated. Should she answer this letter? Should she point out to Buckingham the madness, the futility of this proposal? Should she implore him, command him—not to write again? What could such letters as his possibly do but cause her misery and unrest, only making her realize all the more the utter emptiness of her existence. Evidently she decided to resist the temptation of writing him, for, with a sigh, she reduced his note to ashes. Yet now she turned to her desk and, seizing a quill, began hurriedly to pen a note. Had she changed her mind?

Meanwhile Milady lost no time in hurrying down the corridor to appraise the Cardinal of the secret delivery of a letter to the Queen, which no doubt came from Buckingham. It was impossible at that moment for Milady to approach the Cardinal in person, since he was engaged at chess in the King's apartment. But there were always ways of communicating with Richelieu. Father Jos-

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eph, his right hand man, had secret instructions to glide about the corridors of the palace in order to pick up any news which was to be conveyed to the Cardinal. Milady, therefore, whispered her information to Father Joseph, who carried it to the chess table by means of a slip of paper containing a powder which Richelieu had been ordered to take.

No sooner was the Cardinal in possession of the fact, than he began to play more than ever upon the King's jealousy. One analogy after another was hinted at skillfully by him as he moved his knight to threaten Louis' queen. At last the King was wrought to such a pitch of rage that he flung out of the room and into the chamber of poor, startled Anne. He insisted on seeing all her correspondence, and finding nothing incriminating in her desk, turned to search her person. Scornfully, Anne drew from her bosom the letter she had just written, handing it to him before he could accomplish the threatened indignity. Louis hurried from her presence into the corridor and opened the letter with trembling fingers. A smile of relief and amusement lighted his face as he beckoned to the Cardinal, who, at the other end of the hall, was awaiting the storm which he had aroused. As he approached his royal master, Louis could not refrain from saying to him, "Little about Buckingham, much about you, my lord Cardinal."

Richelieu's face, ravaged by care and illness, plainly showed annoyance as he read the letter addressed to the King of Spain, in which Anne begged her brother to use his influence with Louis to rid her of the persecutions of the Cardinal. Yet His Eminence was far too shrewd to allow the King to believe that this annoyance was due to the fact that the letter contained no reference to Buckingham. On the contrary, he pretended to be greatly relieved that the only reference in it was to him alone and that it in no way betrayed the honor of the King. But the thing that Louis failed to observe was that the Cardinal retained possession of the note with Anne's signature; nor did the King remark the smile which played upon his enigmatic features as his crafty mind plotted fresh plans to ruin the Queen.

And Richelieu would have succeeded but for the fact that Fate is stronger than the strongest of human calculations. For someone unknown as yet to any of the actors in his tangled drama, someone with all the force and directness of youth, was about to appear upon the scene, and so confuse and confound this best laid plan of the Cardinal's, that he would at last be driven to throw up his hands and to cry, "Hold! Enough!"



D'Artagnan
receiving
his Father's
parting
advice.

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Far down in the vine-clad south of France, in the ancient town of Tarbes, a young man's heart was beating high as he made ready to leave the home of his fathers. His keen eye flashed forth a spirit of unusual courage and daring; his trim, erect figure proclaimed a body under perfect control. He looked the very essence of his time—a blade of steel personified. His name was D'Artagnan. He sprang from as proud a race as any in Gascony. But evil days had fallen on his noble house; poverty was driving him forth in search of fortune. And so the parting hour between him and his father had come; a word or two of advice, a slim purse, a venerable horse of saffron hue, one more embrace, and the uncaged young hawk fluttered forth on the wings of adventure.

"Three things I would have you bear in mind," the elder D'Artagnan had said. "Loyalty to the King; reverence to the Cardinal and devotion to the Queen; but above all—FIGHT! Fight all the more since duelling is forbidden; for thus shall you doubly prove your courage!"

Hence it was that the youth, as he ambled along the road, glared ferociously at any passer-by who chanced to smile at the contrast between the heavy, lumbering horse and the slight figure of his rider, dressed in a forgotten fashion, but bearing himself with all the pride and dignity of a cavalier of the King.

Whilst D'Artagnan is trotting his many weary miles along the highroad to Paris, we return to Richelieu and his machinations. The letter of the Queen was still in his possession. With its aid a scrivener soon forged a note, apparently written by the Queen, begging Buckingham to come to Paris. It wanted but the seal from a signet ring to make the counterfeit complete. This, by a clever ruse, the Cardinal managed to obtain. Then, giving the sealed note to the Count de Rochefort, one of his creatures, he ordered him to take it to an inn at Meung, a spot some leagues to the south of the capital. Here he was to pass it on to Milady, who would meet him there and thence convey the note to London to the Duke of Buckingham.

Now it chanced that on the very day that de Rochefort was impatiently awaiting Milady's arrival, D'Artagnan rode into the courtyard of the self-same inn. To a man of the world like de Rochefort, the sight of the slim youth on his huge yellow horse could but present a droll spectacle; nor did he hesitate to laugh uproariously. Thus far on his journey our young Gascon had managed to frown down the smiles provoked by his appearance; but to be laughed at by one whose dress and bearing proclaimed him a gentleman and a courtier, was more than he could endure. Choking with wrath, he sprang from his horse, and seizing de Rochefort by

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the arm, he wildly demanded an explanation. At this moment Milady's coach drove up before the inn and de Rochefort, contemptuously waving the young man away, ran to pay his respects to her. The insult was too much for D'Artagnan. Hurling aside two stable boys, who tried to restrain him, he rushed after de Rochefort, flung him from the carriage against which he was leaning and with a rapid apology to the lady, drew his sword from its scabbard, determined to demand satisfaction from the stranger. Our hero had a wrist of steel and the agility of a panther; it might indeed have gone hard with de Rochefort had not an army of domestics and stable boys, marshalled by the landlord, pounced upon D'Artagnan from behind and, despite his fierce struggles, pinned him to the ground.

In the confusion de Rochefort managed to pass on the note for Buckingham to Milady with the Cardinal's instructions to take it to London without delay. Milady nodded consent and drove off hurriedly in one direction, whilst de Rochefort, mounting his horse, sped back towards Paris. At last D'Artagnan managed to shake off his captors and brandishing his sword wildly, called in vain on his enemy to give him satisfaction. He was gone. But D'Artagnan, mounting his ancient quadruped, swore vengeance against the mysterious dark man with the scar on his cheek. Some day he vowed he would meet him again and make him pay for his insolence to the full.

It was market day at the gates of Paris. The crowd was thick, pushing hither and thither. Shopkeepers and street-vendors were shouting their wares; cautious bourgeois, with their plump wives, stood bargaining at the various stalls; masked ladies nodded from their chairs to plumed cavaliers; coaches of the nobility sent the rabble scattering as they rattled by, regardless of the shins and bones of the lower orders.

Through all this hurly-burly rode the young Gascon, amazed. For the first time in his simple existence had he seen such a world of animation and swing. So this was Paris; this busy, hurrying, scurrying, chattering whirl that eddied before him? This was the place that was to offer him his future? He gazed and gazed, drinking in the scene before him, an astonished smile on his features. Here at last he felt that he was face to face with life.

It was not long before D'Artagnan had grasped the difference between his own provincial attire and that of the tasteful Parisians. In less than half an hour he had exchanged his old horse for a hat with a dancing feather, and in less time again he had discovered lodgings, fortune leading him to that self-same Master Bonacieux.



Milady de
Winter
watched
the duel
between
Rochefort
and
D'Artagnan
at the Inn
at Meung.

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whose pretty niece, Constance, was seamstress to the Queen. And yet perhaps it was not entirely a matter of fortune, for whether D'Artagnan lodged in one house or another, was settled for him quickly enough by a glimpse of the lovely eyes of Constance, who chanced to be loitering in the doorway of her home.

The next morning our hero was standing in the presence of Monsieur de Treville, Captain of the King's Musketeers, with a letter of introduction from his father to this old friend of his. De Treville happened not to be in a good humor and for the following reason: great rivalry existed between the King's Musketeers and the Cardinal's Guards. There was constant friction between them; brawls, challenges, duels were of daily occurrence. Just at the moment of D'Artagnan's arrival, de Treville had been advised of some fresh quarrels between his men and the Cardinal's. Bidding D'Artagnan be seated for a moment, he summoned the three ringleaders, Athos, Porthos and Aramis, and gave them a very stern lecture. Yet in spite of the severity of his words, his tone clearly showed his affection and pride in his men; nor could he suppress a fatherly smile as, like so many schoolboys, they left the room after his admonitions.

At last, giving his attention to D'Artagnan, he kindly but definitely told the young man that the latter's lifelong dream of becoming a King's Musketeer could not be realized until he had served a thorough apprenticeship in some other regiment. D'Artagnan had been greatly impressed by the three musketeers: Athos, with his dignified and noble bearing; Porthos, of mighty bulk and gorgeous raiment; Aramis, with his elegance and refinement of manner; so that the thought of not being admitted at once into their glorious company came to him as a double disappointment. He turned from de Treville to the window in order to master his bitterness, when suddenly, as he gazed in to the street below, his eyes fell upon the dark man with the scar—the hated man of the inn at Meung. With a cry he rushed from the room.

In the hallway he brushed against Aramis, who but lately had been wounded in a fight and therefore could not help uttering a cry of pain. Before D'Artagnan knew it, he had engaged himself in a duel for one o'clock on the following day outside the walls of the Carmelite Convent. Hastening down the steps to regain lost time, he became entangled in the broad cloak of Porthos. In trying to disengage himself, he managed to reveal to the laughing bystanders that this elaborate covering hid a patched and torn baldric. D'Artagnan's apologies were in vain. Porthos, whose vanity had been severely injured, insisted on satisfaction; the time was set for a quarter past one of the next day and also by the walls of

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the Carmelite Convent. At last, gaining the street, our hero found that his enemy from Meung had vanished. As he started to return to de Treville's hotel, he observed Aramis in conversation with a lady. The latter had dropped her handkerchief, and Aramis had intentionally placed his foot upon it, in order that he might keep it as a souvenir. D'Artagnan, in his innocence, hoped to ingratiate himself with at least one of the Musketeers by calling his attention to the lady's handkerchief. But Aramis, angry that his flirtation should thus be interrupted, had soon added himself to D'Artagnan's list of combatants. His hour was fixed for half past one, the meeting place the same.

The following day D'Artagnan betook himself to the duelling ground happy in the thought that though he was unable to become a Musketeer immediately, he would probably gain the honor of being killed by one of their glorious kind. Finding Porthos and Aramis present to act as seconds to Athos, D'Artagnan apologized to them in the event that Athos should get the better of him and so prevent him offering the other two satisfaction.

The Musketeers could not help but admire this young fellow's courage and courtesy. Here was a foe worthy of the traditions of their regiment; they could pay him no higher compliment.

Our Gascon and Athos had scarcely crossed blades when a company of the Cardinal's Guards, five in number, advanced upon the party with drawn swords, calling upon them to submit to arrest. For duelling had been but lately forbidden by edict, and the Cardinal's Guards had the right to arrest anyone transgressing the law. But sooner than suffer such an indignity the King's Musketeers were ready to defend their lives at the point of the sword. As the Cardinal's men approached the three swordsmen, D'Artagnan came to a quick decision. In a flash he had cast in his lot with the Musketeers; in another the Cardinal's Guards closed in. The fight was one of fire and fury. The five men of the attacking party lay either disarmed, or wounded or dead, their leader de Jussac, a victim to D'Artagnan's magic swordsmanship. This hour of triumph sealed the friendship of the Three Musketeers and D'Artagnan forever. Swaggering arm in arm, the victorious quartette strutted back heroically through the streets of Paris.

As they passed an apothecary shop they decided to procure some ointment for the wound in Athos' shoulder. They were still engaged in bandaging it when Bernajoux, the captain of the Cardinal's Guards, broke in upon them and began accosting roughly. He was held to be the greatest swordsman in France, a kinsman to de Jussac, for whose defeat he had come to seek vengeance. No time was lost by D'Artagnan in accepting his challenge. Out flashed



*"All for one, one for all!"
The Musketeers and D'Artagnan make a pact of
friendship.*

"The Three Musketeers"

their swords then and there and hotly the battle waged, first one then the other having the advantage. At last the bold, original method of D'Artagnan began to prevail. Over tables, chairs and counters he drove his gasping opponent out in to the street, where he pinned him against a wall, disarmed him and sent him scurrying frantically down the alley, an ignominious figure of bewilderment and defeat. With a cry of joy, the Three Musketeers raised their young comrade shoulder high and bore him in triumph to his lodgings. Henceforth their motto became: "All for one, one for all."

The news of the fight spread like wildfire all over Paris. It reached even the ears of the King himself. The Cardinal came to him, complaining bitterly of this unknown young Gascon who had killed his best swordsman. While the King effected to sympathize, he secretly congratulated de Treville on the skill of the Musketeers and expressed his desire to see the fire-eating young fellow who had in so short a time become the talk of the whole town. Nothing was easier, as de Treville had foreseen this contingency and brought the four friends to the palace with him. But when he went in search of them, D'Artagnan could nowhere be found. The trouble was that he had caught sight of pretty Constance as she passed down one of the corridors of the palace, a sewing basket in her hand. D'Artagnan could not resist running after her, completely forgetting de Treville's command to hold himself in readiness should the King command him to his presence. What was therefore the young man's surprise when in the midst of his ardent love-making to Constance, he felt himself firmly seized by the ear and led off by de Treville to his impatient sovereign. The King received our madcap Gascon most graciously, and after a few admonishing remarks to him and his friends, bestowed on the four a well-filled purse.

This gift was indeed most welcome for the lively quartette had a hearty appetite and a heartier thirst; they went the rounds of the taverns of the town as men did in those days. Alas, the money did not hold out forever. Some of it was spent on refurnishing their wardrobe; some on enjoyment; some on gambling in the hope of making up for their light-hearted extravagance. They were put to many expedients, and put their servants to them as well, in order to make both ends meet. D'Artagnan had engaged a valet called Planchet, who soon served his master with utmost devotion, ready for any adventure he might propose. And many indeed they were, those adventures of D'Artagnan and the Three Musketeers, which bound them still closer and closer in friendship.



*Meeting Constance in the palace, D'Artagnan stops
to make love to her.*

"The Three Musketeers"

So time slipped by whilst our young provincial learnt the ways and means of Paris life. And day by day his love for the fair Constance deepened and ripened. The heavens had indeed been kind in leading him straight to her heart. He longed to woo and to wed her. And yet he felt that he, a penniless cadet, had no right to do so; at least not until, by some exceptional act of valor and daring, he could establish the complete confidence of his superiors and so lay a solid foundation to his career. But where was the occasion to come from to prove his worth? He had shown well enough that he could fight; what he needed now was a cause to fight for? Was that cause ever going to present itself? How? When? Where? With all the impatience of youth, D'Artagnan began to fret and grumble and often at the end of another long day would fling himself wearily to bed and toss and turn till his healthy nature at last found repose in sleep.

Meanwhile the Duke of Buckingham in England had received the forged letter purporting to come from the Queen, and overjoyed at its contents, had secretly hastened to the French capital. Here he waited hidden in obscure quarters until he might fly to his beloved Anne. The Cardinal knew that he had left England but was unable to discover his whereabouts in Paris. From various reports of Milady he felt confident that Constance must be acquainted with the hiding place of the Duke. Richelieu therefore dispatched de Rochefort and a body of his guards to the Bonacieux house to wring the information from her. If need be, the roughest, cruelest methods were to be put into execution to force the wretched girl to speak.

In the dead of the night D'Artagnan was suddenly aroused by a woman's screams. He sat up and listened. Yes, it came from the floor below. Constance!—In a flash he had sprung from his bed and, sword in hand, plunged down the narrow staircase. He tore open the door only to find Constance struggling and writhing under the torture of the Cardinal's ruffians. Like lightning his sword played amongst them. In another instant he had set her free and dragged her through the battling mass out of the room, flinging the door to, behind him. As he held her in his arms the furious blades of his attackers pierced the worm-eaten panels of the oak. In another moment he had thrown her over his shoulder like a limp rag and leapt up the stairs to his room, bolting and barricading the door between him and his aggressors. The Cardinal's Guards were hot on his trail. Already they were pushing their way into his room when D'Artagnan, trusting to the skill and strength of his splendid body, climbed through the attic window with his precious burden, out over the steep roofs and along the leaden gutters till

"The Three Musketeers"

he managed to find a way to freedom by dropping into a silent court, while his baffled enemy stood gaping at his prowess in wonder and rage.

Constance was still clinging breathlessly to her lover's arms, while D'Artagnan was trying to calm her, urging her to seek refuge in some convent for the night. But the young girl would not listen to his proposals. As the clock in the bell tower struck the hour, she seemed suddenly to control herself and told him, with a strangely definite manner, that she was forced to leave him, as she was proceeding on a most important errand; so important and mysterious in fact, that she besought him not to follow her. And with a smile and a kiss blown from her delicate finger-tips, she slipped past him round a corner, before he was able again to argue with her. Fearing for her safety, he could not help disobeying her injunctions, and followed her cautiously from afar. What was his surprise to see her suddenly met by a man muffled in a heavy cape. The two seemed to confer for a moment and then proceed toward the bridge leading to the Louvre. D'Artagnan's jealousy flamed up within him. Forgetting all of Constance's orders, he rushed after her and pushing between her and the unknown cavalier, was about to draw sword, when the young girl, staying his hand, warned him that he was attacking no less a person than the Duke of Buckingham. In a moment he was on his knees begging his Grace's pardon and putting himself and his strong right arm at his service. The Duke was only too glad to accept this offer, for Constance was leading him to his longed-for meeting with the Queen. It was as well that some one should stand guard at the small private gate to her apartments during this dangerous interview. So D'Artagnan sat him down like a faithful watchdog by the side of the door, much to the amazement of the old Swiss guard who was on duty there for the night.

In the meantime, Constance conducted Buckingham up the little winding staircase into an ante-chamber of panelled oak, where she bade the Duke wait till she had notified the Queen of his arrival. A moment later he was ushered into the presence of the woman for whom his whole being longed, heart and soul. Anne stood like one frozen, not believing her eyes when she saw the Duke actually before her. Buckingham, after fervent avowals of his devotion, seemed equally amazed at Anne's cold attitude; all the more so after receiving her letter summoning him to Paris. In vain she protested that it must be a forgery.

"Even if it is, so much the better. For it has brought me to you and you to me!" exclaimed the fiery lover.

Anne, moved as she was, refused to listen to his entreaties.



*His Majesty
presents
D'Artagnan
with a purse
of gold as
a reward
for winning
in a duel
with the
Cardinal's
guards.*

"The Three Musketeers"

"You see me at the risk of my honor, at the risk of your life!" she cried, and with an imperious gesture urged him back into the ante-chamber. There he turned and began to plead again. But all his eloquence, all his charm proved of no avail. Still the Queen pointed to the door—still her only word was, "Go!"

At last, realizing that entreaties were in vain, as a drowning man grasps at straws, he begged:

"If you must needs send me away at least give me something for remembrance; something that you have worn which I may wear always to feel your presence close to me."

Partly to rid herself of Buckingham, partly out of pity for his despair, she snatched from her bosom a diamond clasp of twelve perfectly matched stones, and thrusting it into his hand begged him begone. He faced her once more, pressing his lips to her fingers and vanished, the secret panel which lead from the ante-room to the private stairs, closing behind him.

She breathed a sigh of relief. It might be folly to have given him the diamonds, a present the King had but lately bestowed upon her. But at any rate, Buckingham had left, was out of her life forever. Henceforward she would not be in constant dread of some fresh folly on his part. Despite the loss of his devotion she felt singularly free, at peace once more. As this thought flashed through her mind, she turned to regain her inner apartment, when suddenly she was arrested by a glimpse of a bony hand emerging from the huge chair standing by the fire, its back to the room. Then slowly the arm appeared and the gaunt figure of Richelieu arose and faced the Queen. Somehow he had learnt of this meeting; somehow gained admission to her room. He had seen and heard all. Breathless she faced him, but even as a cat plays with a mouse, he uttered never a word, giving her no inkling as to the use he would make of his knowledge. With a look of inscrutable scorn he strode noiselessly from the room, leaving Anne to all the alternate horrors of fear, shame and despair.

It was not long, however, before she was to learn the worst. A week passed, seven days of suspense, seven nights of sleeplessness. Then, as nothing seemed to happen, the Queen made up her mind that she must control her emotion in order not to collapse entirely under the strain. One afternoon she was doing her best to forget her desperate situation by trying to fix her attention on some needle work. Constance was by her side showing her some new intricate stitch. As Anne's nervous fingers passed the silk to and fro through the canvas, she began to persuade herself that the Cardinal had evidently decided to relent. It was apparently suf-



D'Artagnan rescues Constance from the Cardinal's guards.

"The Three Musketeers"

ficient for him to know his secret of hers and to taunt her with the knowledge of it if he chose to do so. After all, what greater revenge could he wish for? She felt certain that had he meant to do more, he would have sought out the King at once. The thought soothed her. She was convinced that the incident was closed. She breathed more freely; she began indeed to become absorbed in her work.

There came a knock on the door. It was the King himself, smiling, gracious, the charming husband of former days. Evidently he did not know. The Cardinal had not spoken. The Queen rose to greet him. He nodded pleasantly and announced:

"I have come to remind you, Madame, that the State Ball will take place in a very few days. I wish you to honor me on that occasion by wearing the diamond clasp I recently gave you."

The blow had fallen. It was clear to Anne that behind these words spoke the Cardinal. He had not relented. He had sworn her undoing; he meant to accomplish it. With all the self-control she was able to master, she nodded acquiescence to the King and looked up, meeting his eyes calmly. But as she raised her glance she caught the shadow of the Cardinal on the door of her room. Her suspicions were confirmed. Four more days and she would be ruined. Four more days to live; after that —

She curtsied as Louis left her presence; but once the door had clicked in its lock, her knees gave way from under her. Had it not been for Constance she would have fallen to the floor. She turned to the young girl in despair. Was there no way out of this terrible situation? How was she to get back the diamonds? For on the return of the jewels depended her reputation—the whole of her future. Was there no one she could trust? No one ready to come to her aid amongst all the false courtiers and spies that evidently surrounded her? She looked at Constance with her large beseeching eyes, no longer a Queen, only a woman appealing to another woman in her bitterest hour of distress.

And suddenly there came to Constance the thought of a man who could indeed come to her rescue; the one person in the world who seemed as sent by Providence to save the Queen's honor—D'Artagnan. Anne looked at her in surprise; the name had only vaguely reached her ears. Who was the man? Could he be trusted? Would he dare risk his life on such a perilous errand?

Then Constance told all she knew of him. She explained how, in a week, he had become the talk of Paris; how he had guarded the private entrance to the palace on that fateful night of the Queen's meeting with Buckingham; how he was the soul of chivalry and daring; how, in fact—and here Constance blushed and

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faltered—she would sooner place her faith in him than in any other man alive, because—well—he loved her.

Anne could not help being moved at the devotion of her little seamstress. Here was a young girl ready to stake the life of her lover to save the Queen's honor. Indeed Constance's belief in his powers must be great, that she should be willing for him to take such a risk. Upon this forlorn chance Anne built her one and only hope. Seizing a pen and writing a hasty note to Buckingham with the request to return the fatal diamonds, she dispatched Constance to approach D'Artagnan without a moment's delay.

Our Gascon was sitting at home in his attic, killing time. When was the great occasion to come which would prove his character of as true a temper as his unerring steel? If only he might come across his cursed enemy with the scar; even the accomplishment of revenge were better than seeing the long days slip by one by one. He had chalked a rough image of the dark man of Meung on the wall of his room and practiced lunging at its breast. Athos watched his young friend's ill-concealed impatience with all the indulgence of an older brother. He knew very well that D'Artagnan the youth, and D'Artagnan the lover, were boiling and bubbling like molten metal to pour themselves into one mould and thus to form D'Artagnan the man.

And now the moment for which our hero had been praying at last arrived. A knock on the door, and Constance stood before him with her royal mistress's desperate story. In a flash D'Artagnan saw that here was his long-awaited chance; his Queen and his sweetheart could be served with one and the same stroke, and in a cause as perilous and bold as any adventurer could desire. In fact, for one man alone, the mission was too dangerous. To undertake it single-handed, was courting disaster. His three faithful friends must come with him. Four men would have to leave for one man to reach the destination. He needed but Captain de Treville's consent to secure their leave of absence, which he knew would be granted immediately since its purpose was to thwart the plan of the Cardinal.

Athos, who had been a silent witness of the scene, fully agreed to all of D'Artagnan's suggestions. In another instant he was hurrying off to find Aramis and Porthos, with the understanding of meeting D'Artagnan at Monsieur de Treville's house within the hour. And now came a tender farewell between the two young lovers; for Constance began suddenly to realize the dangers to which she was exposing her beloved. And D'Artagnan, who but an instant before, was all fire and flame, now dreaded the thought of separation from the lady of his heart. Earnestly he pleaded for



*D'Artagnan
offers his
services to
the Duke of
Buckingham.*

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a kiss upon that sweet mouth of hers; but Constance, fearing that she would no longer control her tears should once his lips touch hers, held out the promise of this prize on his return.

As they hurriedly reviewed their plans once more at the head of the staircase, down on the floor below, hidden behind the banisters, stood a man intent on catching every word of theirs. It was Bonacieux, Constance's uncle, who, unbeknownst to her, had been won over by the Cardinal's gold to pry and report on all the movements of this Gascon. Here indeed was a titbit for Richelieu! Before D'Artagnan had given Constance a final parting embrace, Bonacieux had hurried off to the Cardinal's palace as fast as his vicious, fat, old legs would carry him. So that even ere his journey had begun, D'Artagnan was betrayed and watched, checked and counter-checked at every turn.

De Treville had soon given his consent to the expedition. The three Musketeers hurried ahead to the gates of Paris in order to procure horses, whilst the kindly old captain detained the fiery Gascon to give him some parting advice. D'Artagnan had scarcely left his presence and hurried into the street to join his friends, when he was pounced upon by a squad of the Cardinal's guards. There was no possibility of escape; he was hopelessly outnumbered.

It was not long before he stood facing the Cardinal himself. The latter had posted men with carbines behind the tapestries of his study ordering them to shoot as soon as he gave the signal by dropping his handkerchief. But for the moment His Eminence was indulging himself in the luxury of questioning and examining this unknown young fellow from the provinces, who somehow managed to block and foil his every plan. He could not help being impressed by the quickness of D'Artagnan's mind, his direct, ready answers, his amazing disregard for the oily rules of diplomacy. A growing doubt as to the wisdom of his own indirect methods and the eternal surprise of the older generation at the younger, crept into his heart as he listened to the youth. But the vanity of age and success soon made him dismiss all ideas of comparison. After all, D'Artagnan was first and foremost a swordsman, and if there was anything to be learned from him, it was in the noble art of self-defence.

And so Richelieu began to question him about the brilliant thrust by which our Gascon had overcome Bernajoux. This suited D'Artagnan's purpose admirably, for his keen eye had detected the barrel of a pistol between the folds of the curtain by the door. So in the midst of demonstrating his famous lunge and parry, he sud-



The Queen
tells D'Artag-
nan the grat-
itude she
bears him for
returning
her jewels.

"The Three Musketeers"

denly turned. Attacking the man concealed behind the draperies leading to the staircase, he fought his way through the guards outside, down the steep steps and out into the street. Breathless, he hurried to the gates of Paris, where his friends had already begun to give him up for lost. In a flash, the whole party, including his loyal servant Planchet, were galloping at full speed along the high-road to Calais.

Our four friends thought themselves safe at last from the persecutions of the Cardinal. But their trials had only begun. For Richelieu, foreseeing all eventualities, had sent de Rochefort ahead along the Calais road with strict injunctions to place every possible obstacle in the way of their progress. No methods too brutal were to be spared to prevent D'Artagnan or his three companions from reaching Buckingham or returning from London with the jewels.

Thus it was that our brave Gascon found himself compelled to drop his loyal confederates one by one. Soon after leaving Paris, a group of pretended road menders held them up, indignant at some fancied insult. While they were parleying, Aramis suddenly observed a man behind a wall leveling a pistol at D'Artagnan. Leaping upon the miscreant from his horse and rolling down a steep bank with him, he cried out to his friends to hurry on and leave him to take care of himself. Further along, at the crossing of a stream, the three remaining friends discovered a bridge blown up and were only able to cross it by Porthos holding up the shattered rafters on his mighty shoulders. In turn they were forced to leave him behind, half-fainting from the intense strain he had undergone. As they stopped at the inn near Calais to refresh themselves for a few moments, Athos managed to fling himself into the fray just in time to hold off a band of the Cardinal's hirelings. D'Artagnan and Planchet escaped meanwhile through the window in the roof and once more pursued their frenzied ride to Calais. They reached the port only to learn that, by order of the Cardinal, no vessels were allowed to sail for England. Here again D'Artagnan's ready wit was called into play; with the aid of his servant he managed to ferret out a fishing vessel and at the point of his sword forced the fisherman to set sail under cover of dark. Thus, in spite of Richelieu's precautions, our hero succeeded at last in reaching England.

But a messenger from the Cardinal had arrived in London before D'Artagnan with instructions to Milady to approach Buckingham at a fête he was giving that night at his palace. She was to do her utmost to steal the diamond clasp, which he would undoubtedly be wearing, and to bring it back in all haste to Paris. That even-

"The Three Musketeers"

ing Milady, on pretense of bringing him messages from the Queen, found it only too easy to hold the Duke's attention. During the performance of an Italian ballet she leant upon the arm of his chair and, under cover of her fan, managed to cut the diamonds from his breast. Buckingham, quite unconscious of the loss, rose to greet some other guests, and Milady, snatching the opportunity, pushed through the throng and hurried toward the street. Even as she passed out of the palace gates, D'Artagnan, travel-stained and breathless, crossed her on the threshold. He looked at her in surprise; her face and furtive manner struck him as oddly familiar. Where had he seen her before? Suddenly he remembered that this was the woman in the coach at Meung, where he first encountered his enemy, the dark man with the scar. The man had passed her a letter; they were confederates—he was sure of that. What was she doing here? He turned to one of the attendants to ascertain her name. "Milady de Winter," he was told.

A few moments later he was closeted with Buckingham, to whom he presented the letter of the Queen. The Duke realized at once that the jewels, however dear to him, must be restored to her without delay. His hand went to his breast; the diamonds were no longer there. Who had taken them? He turned a despairing look toward D'Artagnan, when suddenly the image of Milady flashed across the latter's mind. It was clear to him that there was but one person who could have stolen the jewels—Milady! He communicated his suspicions to the Duke, who, recollecting various instances of the evening, felt at once that D'Artagnan was on the right track. Everything must be done to render our hero assistance in regaining them and reaching Paris in time for the State Ball. So Buckingham placed in his hand a ring which would procure him fresh relays of horses all the way on his return journey to the French capital and bade him God-speed.

The ship which bore Milady back to Calais was about to set sail when D'Artagnan leapt on board. She had retired to her cabin, feeling that her stroke in obtaining the jewels had earned her a good night's rest. Nor was she disturbed by anyone till just before the arrival of the ship in the French port. Not till dawn did D'Artagnan effect an entrance into her cabin. After a violent struggle, in which Milady made several vicious stabs at him with her dagger, he finally succeeded in wresting the diamonds from her. But so tenaciously had she clutched her prize, that in his effort to make her relax her fingers, he was forced to imprint his teeth upon them. Not until then was he able to secure the jewels. Meanwhile the crew, hearing her cries for help, began to batter in the cabin door and were about to hurl themselves upon D'Artagnan, when he



The Cardinal questions D'Artagnan

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plunged through the window out into the sea and swam ashore, in spite of the pistol shots which made the water spurt about him.

Once on land, D'Artagnan thought it safer to choose a round-about route to Paris. Thus Milady and de Rochefort, who joined her at Calais, reached the city before our hero. They went at once to Richelieu to inform him of the failure of their expedition. At this news the stoic calm of the great Minister deserted him and he burst into a paroxysm of rage. But, determined to snatch victory from defeat, he gave orders that every gate to Paris be guarded, and a double cordon of soldiers be stationed around the Louvre, in order to make it impossible for D'Artagnan to reach the Queen.

His precautions were, however, in vain. For our wily Gascon, on arriving at the gates of Paris, felt convinced that he would not be allowed to enter the town peaceably and so sent his servant, Planchet, disguised in his hat and jerkin, to distract the attention of the Cardinal's men from his own movements. Meanwhile he himself floated down the Seine and into Paris on a raft covered with faggots. Stealthily he made his way to the river-gate of the Louvre.

He had gained admission to the private entrance and was mounting the secret stairway, when de Rochefort, with his guards, pounced upon him. A violent combat ensued—the most violent in all of D'Artagnan's varied experience. But once again his brilliant swordsmanship stood him in good stead, and at last he found himself conqueror, though wounded and half fainting. By a supreme effort of will, he dragged himself up the stairs, through the ante-room and staggered to the curtains that led to the Queen's chamber.

The Court Ball was in progress. Anne had delayed her entrance as long as she dared, seeking by a profusion of other jewels to hide the lack of the diamond clasp which the King had commanded her to wear. But Louis noted its absence directly she seated herself by his side on the throne, and sternly bade her return to her chamber without delay and deck herself with the jewel. Not daring to tell him the truth, she withdrew trembling with fear. What was her relief on entering her chamber to catch a glimpse of D'Artagnan behind the curtain and to receive a signal from him that all was well. Milady de Winter too had observed his gesture, and while the Queen, overcome with emotion, sank into a chair, Milady managed to reach the curtains and, passing her hand through them, she whispered, "Your Queen." Luckily D'Artagnan recognized the mark of his teeth upon the outstretched fingers; but for that he might have been balked of his success even at the eleventh hour. Quickly extracting the clasp, he passed Milady the



D'Artagnan,
newly made
a Musketeer,
is summoned
before the
king.

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empty jewel-case, which she, all unconscious, brought triumphantly to Richelieu. The moment she had left the room the Queen stepped forward to receive the diamonds from D'Artagnan who offered them to her on bended knee. Never had sovereign been served more loyally by subject. Words could not express what Anne felt toward D'Artagnan for his splendid devotion.

Meanwhile Richelieu, in order to make sure that no friends of D'Artagnan might assist him in the return of the diamonds, had caused the arrest of the three Musketeers and of Constance. But realizing at last that he had been outwitted at every turn, he decided that it would be more politic to make friends with a man who had undoubtedly a great future before him. So he sent for D'Artagnan and reunited him with his friends and his sweetheart. And in order to win him over completely, he offered him a position in his Guards. De Treville, however, had been able to impress the King so favorably with the merit and skill of the young Gascon, that he had obtained the King's consent to admit him at once to his Musketeers. Before D'Artagnan, therefore, could reply to the Cardinal's offer, de Treville had arrived upon the scene and placed upon the young man's shoulders the cape of the Musketeers, which proclaimed him one of the company to which he had so ardently hoped to belong.

Thus, with Constance by his side, surrounded by his three friends to whose glorious regiment he had just been admitted, D'Artagnan was summoned to the ball. Before the whole court the King distinguished him by special favor, and Anne's eyes shone upon him in silent gratitude. But dearer than the smile of his gracious Queen were the smiles of his beloved Constance and the handshakes of his three loyal friends, Athos, Porthos and Aramis. And to the end of their days their motto ever remained: "All for one, one for all."

*“All for one,
One for all!”*

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